60¢ 14 APR 02686

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

©1979 MARVEL COMICS GROUP

WHAT IF SGT. FURY™ HAD FOUGHT WORLD WAR TWO IN OUTER SPACE?

KEEP MOVIN', YOU LUNKHEADS! NOBODY LIVES FOREVER!

SO GET THE LEAD OUT AND FOLLOW ME! WE GOT US A SPACE-WAR TO WIN!

FIRST "STAR WARS"— THEN "BATTLESTAR GALACTICA"— AND NOW--!!

Stan Lee presents: A STUNNING SAGA OF AN ALTERNATE REALITY!

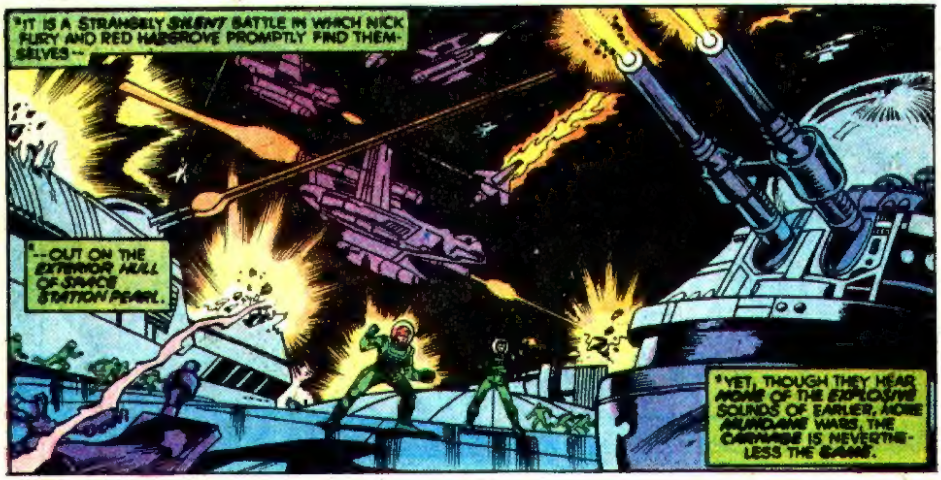
WHAT IF SGT. FURY AND HIS HOWLING COMMANDOS HAD FOUGHT WORLD WAR II IN OUTER SPACE?

GARY FRIEDRICH, PLOT
DON GLUT, SCRIPT
HERB TRIMPE, ART
PABLO MARCOS, INKS
TOM ORZECHOWSKI, letters
D.R. MARTIN, colors
ROY THOMAS, CONCEPT & EDITING
JIM SHOOTER, CONSULTING EDITOR

WHAT IF?™ is published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Office of Publication: 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10022. Published bi-monthly. Copyright ©1979 by Marvel Comics Group, a Division of Cadence Industries Corporation, all rights reserved. Vol. 1., No. 14, April, 1979 issue. Price 60¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the United States of America. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NEW YORK AND ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.

WEEEE
YOU HEAR THAT ATTACK SIGNAL AND FEEL THAT DANGED ROCKIN'?
HARGROVE, YER FAIRY GODMOTHER MUST'A BEEN LISTENIN' TO YA...
-'CAUSE YA GOT YER BLASTED WISH.
QUIT JAWIN' AND SUIT UP, FURY--

--UNLESS YOU WANT TO MISS OUT ON ALL THE ACTION.
HEY, WAIT FOR ME, PAL!
IT'S THEM CRUMMY BEDONS! I JUST KNEW THEM FANG-FACED LIZARDS'D TRY SOMETHIN' LOWDOWN LIKE THIS--
...AN' WITH THAT SNAKE-SKINNED AMBASSADOR OF THEIRS DOWN ON EARTH, YAKKIN' ABOUT PEACE!
LET'S HEAD FER SUPPLY, RED -- AN' GRAB US SOME BLASTERS!


"IT IS A STRANGELY SILENT BATTLE IN WHICH NICK FURY AND RED HARGROVE PROMPTLY FIND THEMSELVES--
--OUT ON THE EXTERIOR HULL OF SPACE STATION PEARL.
"YET, THOUGH THEY HEAR NONE OF THE EXPLOSIVE SOUNDS OF EARLIER, MORE MUNDANE WARS, THE CARNAGE IS NEVERTHELESS THE SAME.

YOU HOLDIN' OUT OKAY, FURY?
AIN'T DEAD YET, OL' BUDDY! BUT SURE AS SHOOTIN' WE WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER WITH NOTHIN' BUT HAND-GUNS AGAINST THEM SHIPS!

WHAT WE NEED IS TO GET OURSELVES SOME HEAVY ARTILLERY!
YOU CALLED IT, SPACE-FIGHTER!
JUST DON'T START BLASTIN' AWAY TILL I GET UP THERE!

*LESS THAN A MINUTE LATER, AS FURY AND RED HARGROVE *EVADE* THE LASER FIRE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO *ENTER* THE DEFENSE EMPLACEMENT...

YAHOO! *GOT* THE BETAN ZOMBIE!

DON'T GO GIVIN' YOURSELF A KEWPIE DOLL *YET*, NICK...

...'LESS YOU WANNA TAKE IT TO THE *GRAVE* WITH YOU!

'CAUSE HERE COMES *ANOTHER* ONE!

CRIPES! JUST *WINGED* 'IM -- BUT ENOUGH SO'S HE WON'T BE TAKIN' NO *JOY RIDES* INTA *DEEP SPACE*.

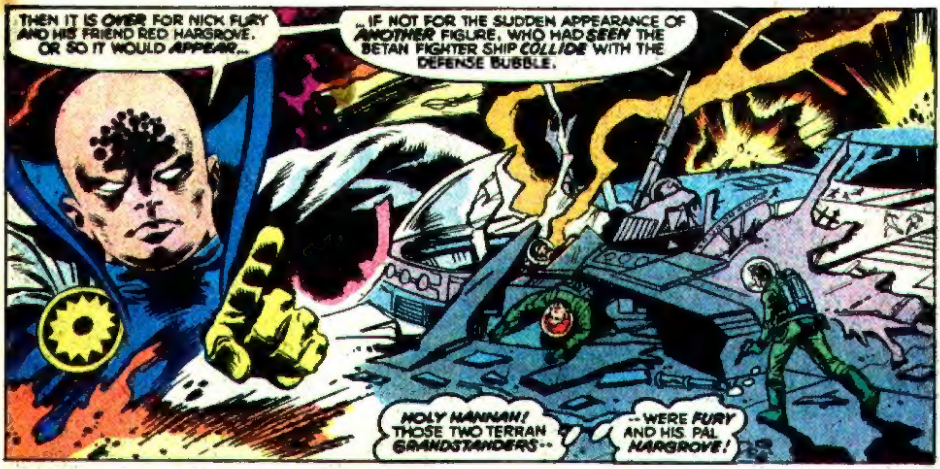
HEY, WHAT'S THE SCALY SWAMP LIZARD DOIN' *NOW*?

LOOKS LIKE HE'S *AIMIN'* HISSELF RIGHT AT--

RED! HIT THE D--!

*THE *NOISE* OF THE *COLLISION* LASTS BUT *SECONDS* WITHIN THEIR HELMETS...

*...AS THE *AIR* IN THE DEFENSE BUBBLE *DISPERSES* INTO THE DARK VACUUM OF *SPACE*.


THEN IT IS OVER FOR NICK FURY AND HIS FRIEND RED HARGROVE. OR SO IT WOULD APPEAR...
...IF NOT FOR THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF ANOTHER FIGURE, WHO HAD SEEN THE BETAN FIGHTER SHIP COLLIDE WITH THE DEFENSE BUBBLE.
HOLY HANNAH! THOSE TWO TERRAN GRANDSTANDERS--
--WERE FURY AND HIS PAL HARGROVE!

CRAZY WOULD-BE HEROES! GOTTA FREE THEM FROM ALL THIS TWISTED METAL BEFORE THEY'RE CRUSHED TO DEATH...
--UNLESS THOSE BETANS BLAST ME FIRST.
HAPPY SAM... THAT YOU, uh, SIR?

THE NAME IS CAPTAIN SAWYER, NOT SAM AND-- AWW, I'M JUST GLAD YOU'RE ALIVE, SOLDIER.
THERE! GOT YOU TWO JOY-BOYS FREE.

NOW IF YOU CAN JUST KEEP YOUR-SELVES FROM BECOMING A COUPLE OF SPACE-SUITED TARGETS--
--MAYBE WE'LL ALL MAKE IT BACK IN-SIDE THE STATION IN ONE PIECE!
YOU HEARD THE BRASS, RED--MOVE IT, ON THE DOUBLE!
BUT, NICK--
THE CAPTAIN'S STILL BLASTIN' THOSE BETANS.

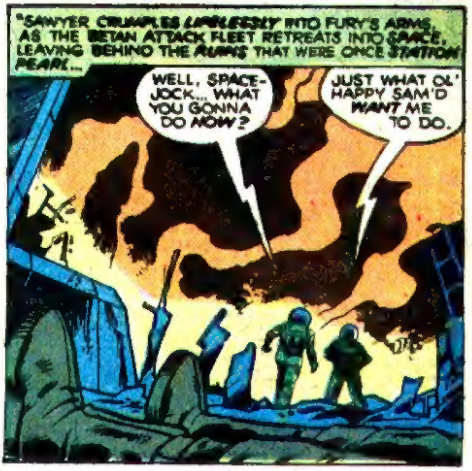
JUST COVERING YOU TWO YO-YO'S 'TIL YOU GET THOSE BATTERED CARCASSES IN--
UGHHNNN...!
SAM!!

THEM CROC-FACED SNAKES? THEY GOT HIM IN THE BACK, THOSE DIRTY--
YAKKIN' ABOUT IT AIN'T GONNA HELP 'IM NOW.
BUT MAYBE WE CAN-- IF WE DRAG 'IM INSIDE... GET 'IM TO A MEDIC...

BUT MOMENTS LATER, AS NICK FURY PULLS CAPTAIN SAM SAWYER BEYOND THE RANGE OF ENEMY LASER FIRE...
JUST HOLD ON, SAM. YOU'RE GONNA MAKE IT.
WH-WHO'RE YOU TRYING TO KID, HERO?

AIN'T KIDDIN' NOBODY, CAP'N. THE FORMER LOOTENENT THAT COMMANDED RED AN' ME WHEN WE WUZ ALPHAN CIVILIAN FIGHTERS...
...HE'S GONNA PULL THROUGH! YA HEAR ME, MISTER?

STOW THE PEP TALK, FURY... THERE ISN'T TIME. LISTEN... I CAME TO STATION PEARL WITH A NEW BUNCH'A RECRUITS...
...TO FORM A NEW ...COMMANDO SQUAD...
...WANTED YOU TWO ...BE PART OF SQUAD...
...BUT NOW... LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO--


SAWYER CRUMPLES LIFELESSLY INTO FURY'S ARMS, AS THE BETAN ATTACK FLEET RETREATS INTO SPACE, LEAVING BEHIND THE RUINS THAT WERE ONCE STATION PEARL...
WELL, SPACE-JOCK... WHAT YOU GONNA DO NOW?
JUST WHAT OL' HAPPY SAM'D WANT ME TO DO.

WITH THE BETAN ATTACK ON STATION *PEARL*, THE EARTH'S ENTRY INTO THE WAR IS *OFFICIAL*.

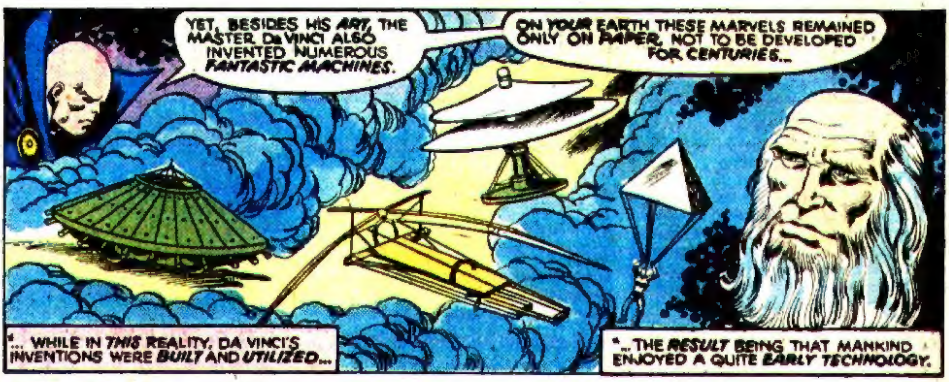
"THUS DO NICK FURY AND REO HARGROVE TAKE UP THE *BATTLE* AGAINST THE HATED EMPIRE OF BETA...

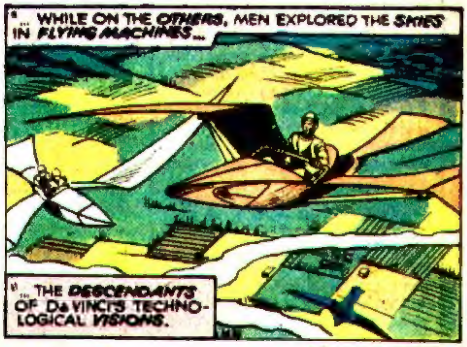
"...MUCH AS THEY DID AGAINST *ANOTHER* EMPIRE ON YOUR *OWN* PLANET EARTH.

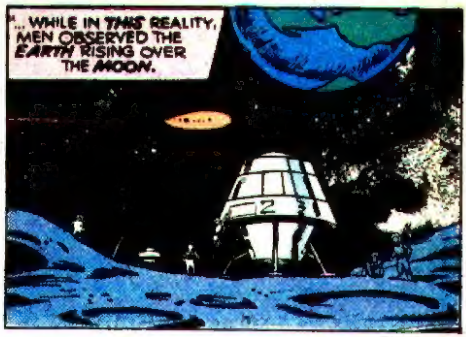
BY *NOW* YOU *SHOULD* BE PONDERING THE QUESTION: HOW DOES THE EARTH OF *THIS PARALLEL DIMENSION* HAVE A TECHNOLOGY SO *ADVANCED* BEYOND YOUR *OWN*?

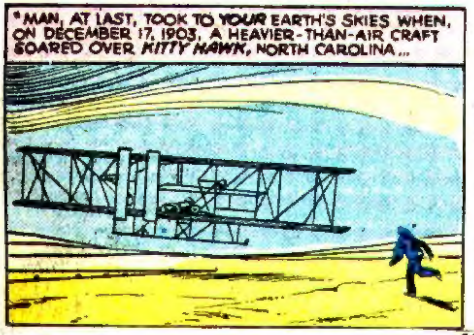
TO KNOW THE *ANSWER*, WE MUST FIRST LOOK BACK THROUGH *TIME*-- TO *THIS* REALITY'S *RENAISSANCE* PERIOD--

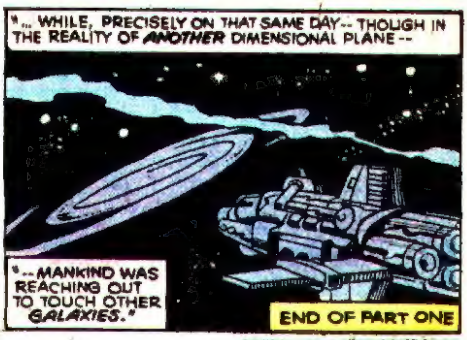
"...WHEN A GENIUS NAMED *LEONARDO DA VINCI* WAS CREATING HIS *ARTISTIC MASTERPIECES* FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF A *WORLD*.



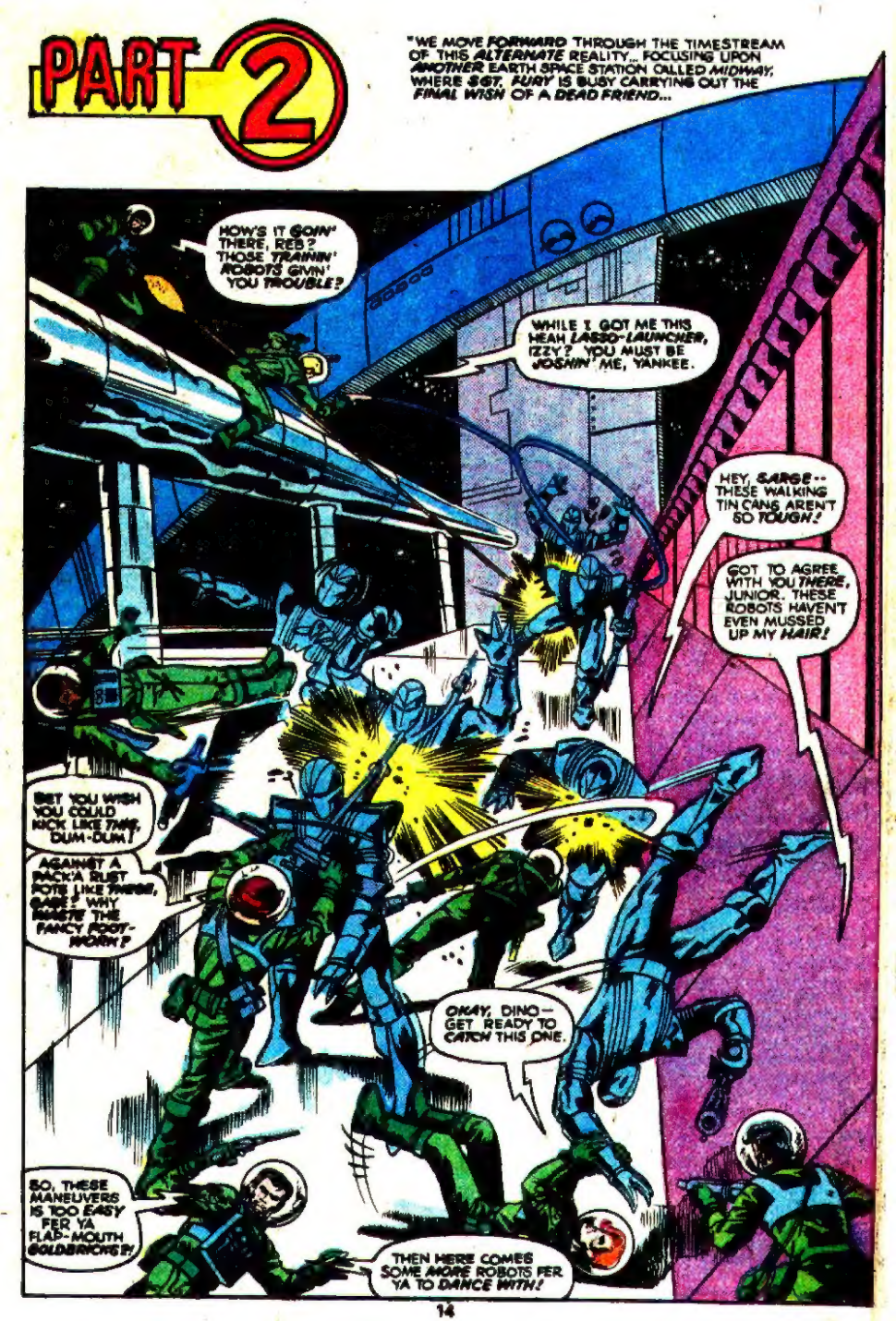




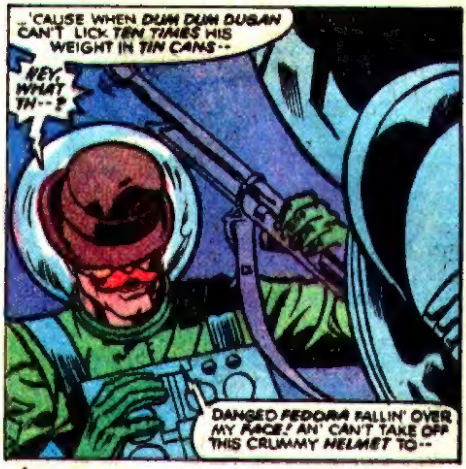


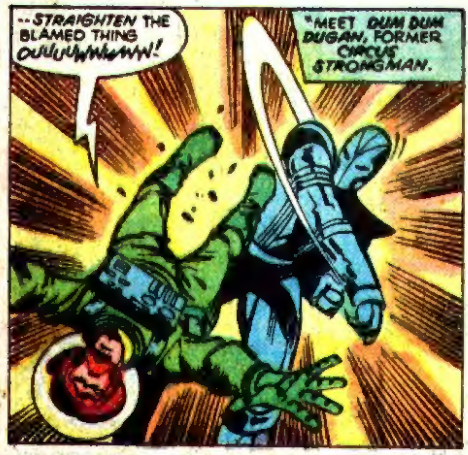


CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

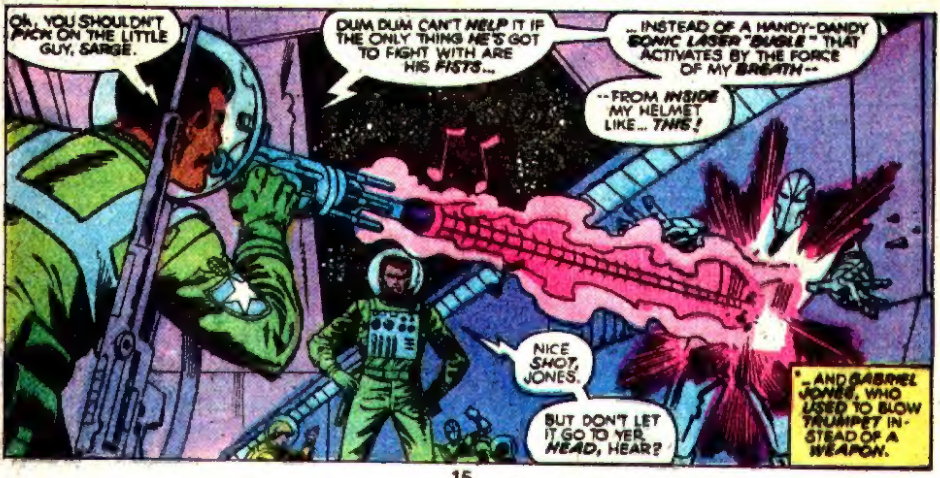

PART 2
"WE MOVE FORWARD THROUGH THE TIMESTREAM OF THIS ALTERNATE REALITY... FOCUSING UPON ANOTHER EARTH SPACE STATION CALLED MIDWAY, WHERE SGT. FURY IS BUSY CARRYING OUT THE FINAL WISH OF A DEAD FRIEND...
HOW'S IT GOIN' THERE, REB? THOSE TRAININ' ROBOTS GIVIN' YOU TROUBLE?
WHILE I GOT ME THIS HEAH LASSO-LAUNCHER, IZZY? YOU MUST BE JOSHIN' ME, YANKEE.
HEY, SARGE-- THESE WALKING TIN CANS AREN'T SO TOUGH!
GOT TO AGREE WITH YOU THERE, JUNIOR. THESE ROBOTS HAVEN'T EVEN MUSSED UP MY HAIR!
BET YOU WISH YOU COULD KICK LIKE THIS, DUM-DUM!
AGAINST A PACK'A RUST POTS LIKE THESE, SAME? WHY RUSTE THE FANCY FOOT-WORK?
OKAY, DINO— GET READY TO CATCH THIS ONE.
SO, THESE MANEUVERS IS TOO EASY FER YA FLAP-MOUTH GOLDBRICKS?!
THEN HERE COMES SOME MORE ROBOTS FER YA TO DANCE WITH!

'CAUSE IF YA DON'T SHAKE THE LEAD OUTTA THOSE WALKIN' JALOPIES--
--I'M GETTIN' ME A WHOLE NEW BATCH'A HOWLING COMMANDOS!
AW, DON'T GO INTO NO TIZZY, NICK...


...'CAUSE WHEN DUM DUM DUGAN CAN'T LICK TEN TIMES HIS WEIGHT IN TIN CANS--
HEY, WHAT TH--?
DANGED FEDORA FALLIN' OVER MY FACE! AN' CAN'T TAKE OFF THIS CRUMMY HELMET TO--


--STRAIGHTEN THE BLAMED THING OUUUUWWWWW!
"MEET DUM DUM DUGAN, FORMER CIRCUS STRONGMAN.

DUM DUM, YOU GOL-DARNED LUNKHEAD! I WARNED YA ABOUT WEARIN' THAT CONSARNED MONKEY'S CAP! IT'S OUTTA UNIFORM, MISTER, AN'--
Y'KNOW, SARGE-- I KEEP GETTIN' THE FEELIN' YOU'RE TRYIN' TO TELL ME SOMETHIN'.
I'LL DO MORE'N THAT, YA BIG LUMMOX!

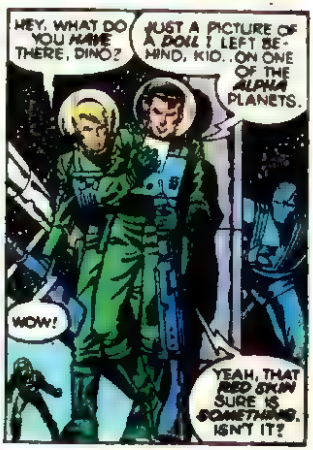

OH, YOU SHOULDN'T PICK ON THE LITTLE GUY, SARGE.
DUM DUM CAN'T HELP IT IF THE ONLY THING HE'S GOT TO FIGHT WITH ARE HIS FISTS...
...INSTEAD OF A HANDY-DANDY SONIC LASER "BUGLE" THAT ACTIVATES BY THE FORCE OF MY BREATH--
--FROM INSIDE MY HELMET LIKE... THIS!
NICE SHOT, JONES.
BUT DON'T LET IT GO TO YER HEAD, HEAR?
*--AND GABRIEL JONES, WHO USED TO BLOW TRUMPET INSTEAD OF A WEAPON.

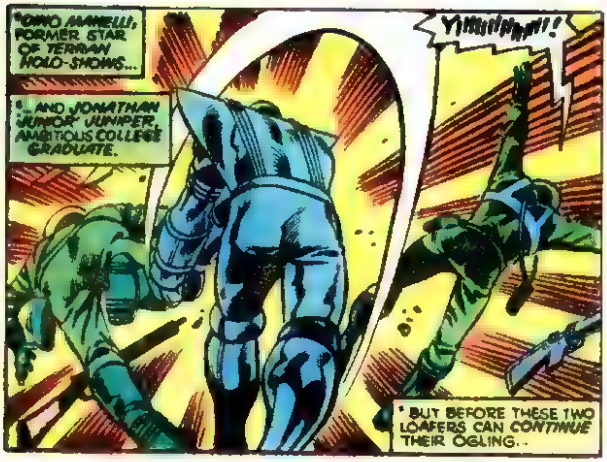
UH, SARGE-- SPEAKIN' OF WEADS-- IF YA DON'T LOWER YOURS, IT'S GONNA GET KNOCKED CLEAR TO FLATBUSH!
WHAZZAT, COHEN?
'CAUSE I JUST PUSHED THE BUTTON TO MAKE THAT MOCK-UP BETA SHIP--

--BLOW FROM HERE TO KINGDOM COME!
Huh?!
"IZZY COHEN-- A MASTER MECHANIC WHO CAN REPAIR (OR SABOTAGE) ANYTHING.

YA LAME-BRAINED BREATHEAD! YA TRYIN' TA GET ME KILLED OR SLUMPIN'?
B-BUT SARGE, I TRIED TO WARN YA...
SHADDUP!!
'AN BE GLAD I DIDN'T LOSE MY SEE-GAR!

'WHILE JUST A FEW YARDS AWAY...
YOU BETTER WAIT FOR ME, ZEENA-GAL


HEY, WHAT DO YOU HAVE THERE, DINO?
JUST A PICTURE OF A DOLL I LEFT BEHIND, KID...ON ONE OF THE ALPHA PLANETS.
WOW!
YEAH, THAT RED SKIN SURE IS SOMETHING, ISN'T IT?


'DINO MANELLI, FORMER STAR OF TERRAN HOLO-SHOWS...
'...AND JONATHAN 'JUNPER' JUNIPER, AMBITIOUS COLLEGE GRADUATE.
Y!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
'BUT BEFORE THESE TWO LOAFERS CAN CONTINUE THEIR OGLING...

Uhhh... HELLO, THERE, SARGE. Uhhh...JUST LOOKING FOR MY, uh... CONTACT LENSES.

"AND WITH ROBERT 'REBEL' RALSTON, A FORMER KENTUCKY JOCKEY--

"-- THE EARTH'S FIRST ATTACK SQUAD WAS COMPLETE-- AND CALLING THEMSELVES THE HOWLING COMMANDOS

AWWRIGHT, YA FLAP-EARED YAHOOS! EVERYBODY GET YOUR TAILS INSIDE AND GIT THEM FISHBOWLS OFF!

IF I GO ANOTHER MINUTE OUT HERE WITHOUT LIGHTIN' UP, I'LL BE DUE FER A SECTION 8.

THE NEWLY-TRAINED COMBAT SQUAD HASTENS INSIDE THE MASSIVE SPACE STATION--

--AS THEIR LEADER BOISTEROUSLY USHERS THEM WITHIN ONE OF ITS CHAMBERS.

MIDWAY STA

OKAY, SARGE, GIVE US THE DOPE. WHAT'S WITH THIS POW-WOW, huh?

YEAH, NICK. WE GONNA HAVE US A HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY OR SUMPIN'?

I'LL GIVE IT TO YA STRAIGHT, SOON AS I LIGHT UP THIS HERE SHE-ROOT.

WISH THE THINK BOYS D FIGGER OUT A WAY TA SMOKE IN PUBLIC.

SO YOU'RE LIT. SO WHAT GIVES, SARGE?

JUST THAT FUN'N'GAMES TIME IS OVER FER YOU STUMBLEBUMS...

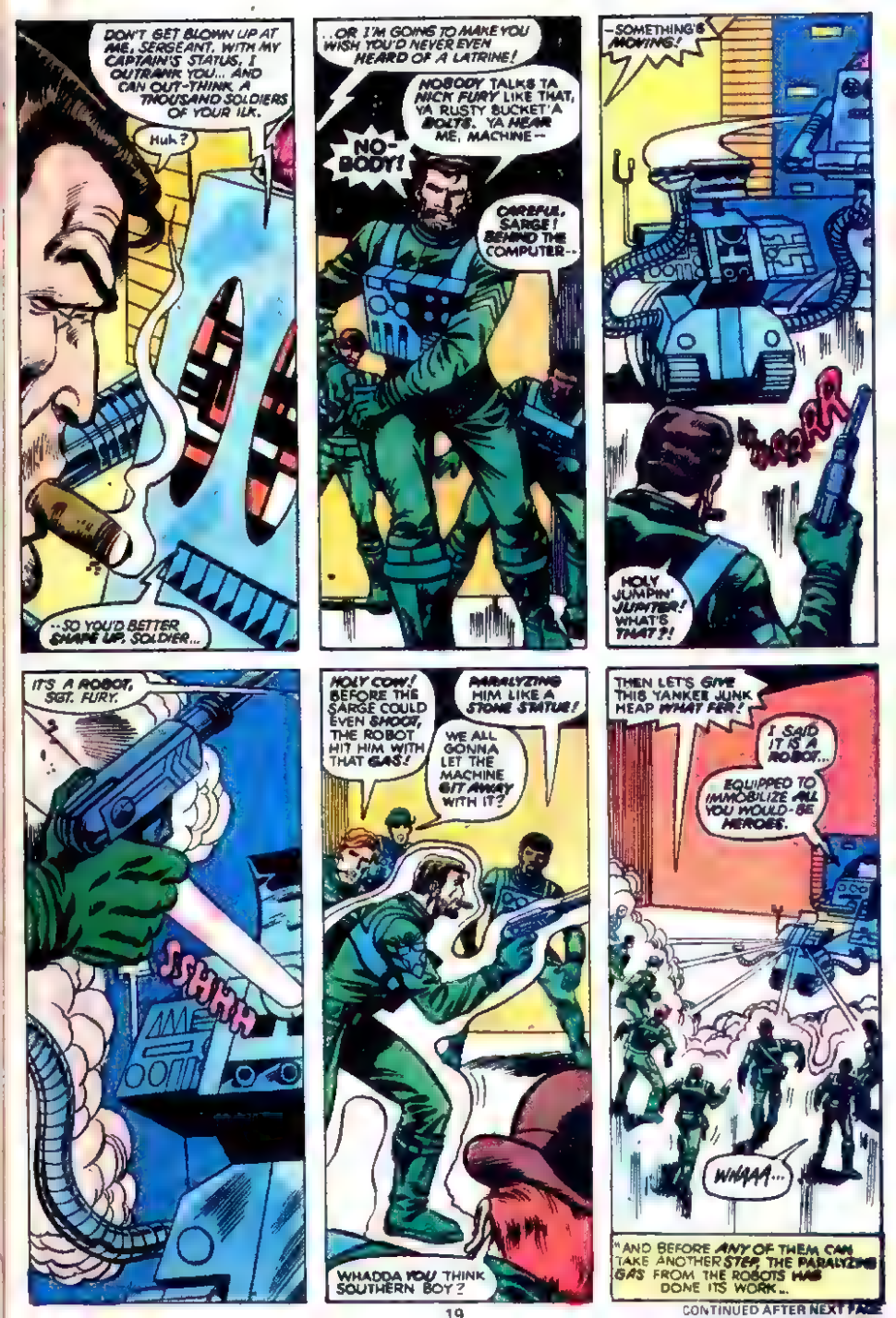
... 'CAUSE WE FINALLY GOT US OUR FIRST MISSION!

NOT THAT I THINK YOU GOLDBRICKIN' IDJITS ARE READY FER COMBAT. BUT OUR NEW C.O. DOES.

WHO IS IT, SARGE?

DUNNO, SOLDIER. BUT HE'S GONNA HAVE TA BE SOME KINDA MAN TA FILL HAPPY SAM'S BOOTS.

YET AS THEY ENTER THE ROOM IN WHICH THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO MEET THEIR NEW COMMANDING OFFICER ..
WELL, NICK.. I DON'T SEE NOBODY IN THIS ROOM, BRASS OR NO BRASS
LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT STOOD UP, SARGE.
SHADDUP YOU TWO JOKERS!
I DON'T LIKE TA BE KEPT WAITIN'-- EVEN BY SOME GUY WITH A COUPLE BARS ON HIS ARMY DRABS.
YEP, BOYS. LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA HAVE TA CHEW OUT SOME'A THEM OFFICER TYPES!
KINDA MAKES ME GLAD I'M JUST AN ENLISTED MAN, NICK. I'D HATE TA SEE YA LOSE YER TEMPER.
YA KNOW HOW EASY I GET SHOOK.
THERE'LL BE NO NEED FOR SGT. NICK FURY TO CHEW OUT ANYBODY.. BECAUSE THE COMMANDING OFFICER HE IS TO MEET IS HERE.
WHAT IN SAM HILL--? HEY, AM I HEARIN' THINGS, OR--?
IF YOU'RE HEARING THINGS, SARGE, THEN MAYBE I'M CRACKIN' UP, TOO.
I HEARD THEM WORDS TOO, NICK. BUT I DON'T SEE NOBODY ELSE IN THIS DANGED ROOM.
MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE NONE OF YOU BRAND-STANDERS ARE LOOKING IN THE RIGHT PLACE.
WHA--?
IT'S A BLASTED TALKIN' MACHINE!
ADDRESS ME PROPERLY, SGT FURY! IT'S TIME YOU GOT SOME DISCIPLINE INTO THAT THICK SKULL OF YOURS! I AM A COMPUTER-- A NEW BREED, AND THE ONLY ONE OF MY KIND TO DATE--
... A COMPUTER WHICH ALSO HAPPENS TO BE YOUR NEW COMMANDING OFFICER! IS THAT CLEAR, SOLDIER?
CLEAR AS THE MUCK ON A BETAN SWAMP-RAT, YA BLASTED TINKER-TOY!
ONLY THING THAT'S CLEAR IS THAT NICK FURY, A HUMAN BEIN' AIN'T TAKIN' NO ORDERS FROM A TALKIN' JUKE BOX!
YA READ ME, MISTER, uh--

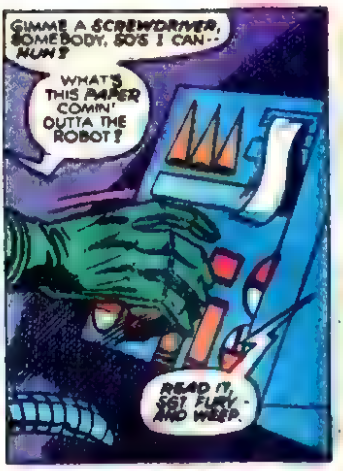


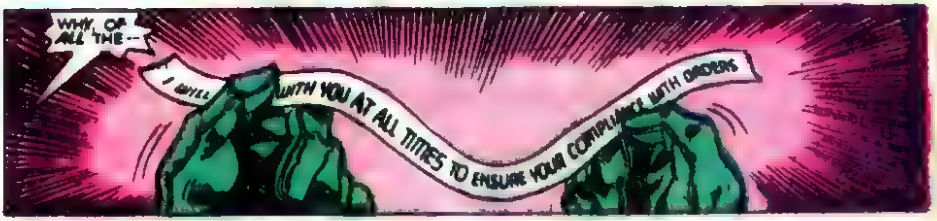
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

"... ALLOWING THEM ONLY THEIR ABILITIES TO HEAR AND UNDERSTAND THE COMPUTER'S REVERBERATING WORDS.
NOW GET THIS, SPACE-SOLDIERS, AND GET IT STRAIGHT!
I'D HEARD THAT YOU COMMANDOS WERE A LITTLE ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES. BUT I, AND MY ROBOT GUARDIAN, WILL SMOOTH YOU OUT.
BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO BE NEEDING THE BEST COMBAT TEAM AVAILABLE. YOU SEE, A BETAN ATTACK ON THIS STATION SEEMS IMMINENT.
YOUR ORDERS: YOU WILL REMAIN ON 24-HOUR CALL UNTIL THE ATTACK HAPPENS... OR THE DANGER PASSES... ALL EXCEPT HARGROVE.
AS A PILOT, HE WILL BE ASSIGNED TO CARRIER DUTY ABOARD THE ROCKET CARRIER YORKTOWN.
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, ROBOT--
--MOBILIZE THEM!
HUH? WHAT'S HAPPENIN' NOW?
WHADDA YA THINK, YA-RED-HEADED OL' WALRUS? THE ROBOTS HITTIN' US WITH A RAY SO'S WE CAN MOVE AGAIN.
ALL OF YOU, EXCEPT HARGROVE... ARE DIS-MISSED!
AWYRIGHT, YOU HOWLERS HEARD THE MAN--er, MACHINE. SO GIT THEM BUTTS MOVIN'...
...ON THE DOUBLE, HEAR?
≥ groan ≤
"THE MEN ARE GRUMBLING UNDER THEIR BREATHS AS THEY MARCH DOWN THE CORRIDOR.
THEY DON'T LIKE THIS SET-UP NO BETTER'N I DO... TAKIN' ORDERS FROM SOME BLASTED WURLITZER.
BUT I AIN'T FINISHED YET.
WRRRRR

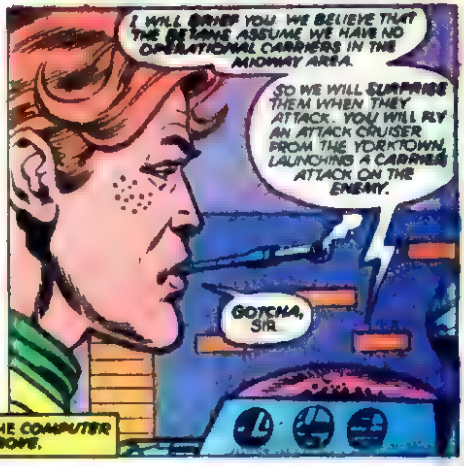
NO SIREE! SOON AS I FIGGER OUT SOME WAY TA PUT THAT COMPUTER OUTTA COMMISSION, I'M GONNA--
EEYOW!

WHY, YA DIRTY, BACK-ZAPPIN', HUNKA--

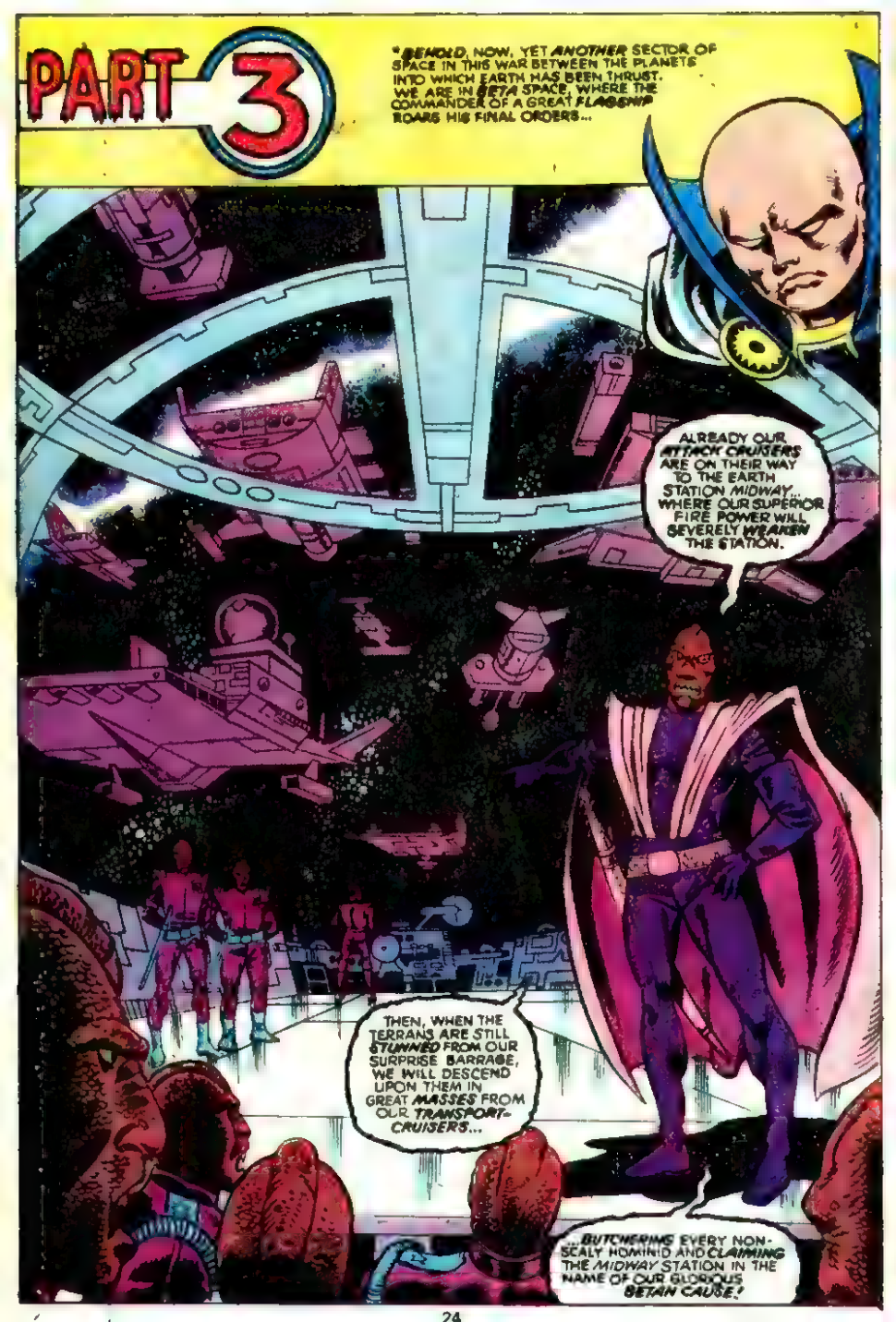

GIMME A SCREWDRIVER, SOMEBODY, SO'S I CAN-- HUH?
WHAT'S THIS PAPER COMIN' OUTTA THE ROBOT?
READ IT, SGT. FURY - AND WEEP.


WHY, OF ALL THE--
I WILL WITH YOU AT ALL TIMES TO ENSURE YOUR COMPLIANCE WITH ORDERS

*AND, AS FURY STORMS DOWN THE CORRIDOR, SNARLING EXPLETIVES BEST LEFT UNHEARD BY EARS IN YOUR DIMENSION...
*-- LET US RETURN TO THE COMPUTER ROOM AND RED HARGROVE.

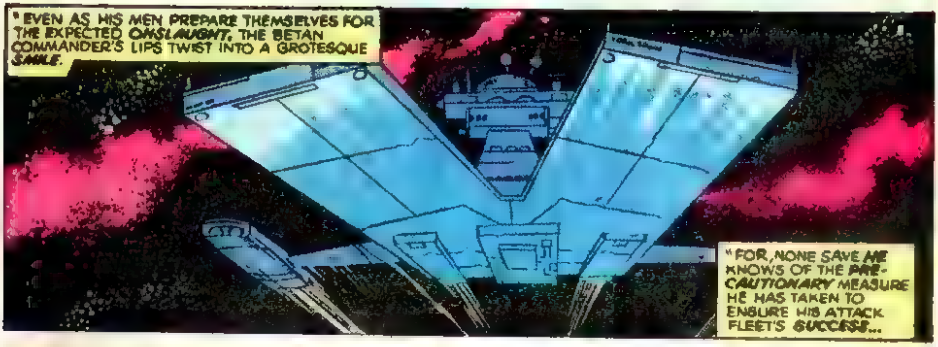

I WILL BRIEF YOU. WE BELIEVE THAT THE BETANS ASSUME WE HAVE NO OPERATIONAL CARRIERS IN THE MIDWAY AREA.
SO WE WILL SURPRISE THEM WHEN THEY ATTACK. YOU WILL FLY AN ATTACK CRUISER FROM THE YORKTOWN, LAUNCHING A CARRIER ATTACK ON THE ENEMY.
GOTCHA, SIR.

YOU WILL FLY OUT WITH THE INITIAL ASSAULT WAVE, HARGROVE... IN WHAT MAY BE THE MOST CRUCIAL BATTLE IN THE ENTIRE WAR.
FOR IF EARTH STATION MIDWAY IS LOST, THE BETANS WILL CONTROL VITAL BASES--
-- FROM WHICH TO LAUNCH AN ASSAULT UPON THE EARTH ITSELF!
WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, IN DEEP SPACE, SOME VERY NON-STELLAR LIGHTS STEADILY APPROACH STATION MIDWAY.
END of PART TWO.

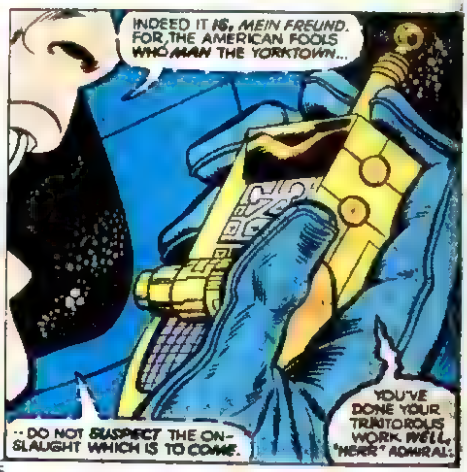

PART 3
*BEHOLD, NOW, YET ANOTHER SECTOR OF SPACE IN THIS WAR BETWEEN THE PLANETS INTO WHICH EARTH HAS BEEN THRUST. WE ARE IN BETA SPACE, WHERE THE COMMANDER OF A GREAT FLAGSHIP ROARS HIS FINAL ORDERS...
ALREADY OUR ATTACK CRUISERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE EARTH STATION MIDWAY... WHERE OUR SUPERIOR FIRE POWER WILL SEVERELY WEAKEN THE STATION.
THEN, WHEN THE TERRANS ARE STILL STUNNED FROM OUR SURPRISE BARRAGE, WE WILL DESCEND UPON THEM IN GREAT MASSES FROM OUR TRANSPORT-CRUISERS...
...BUTCHERING EVERY NON-SCALY HOMINID AND CLAIMING THE MIDWAY STATION IN THE NAME OF OUR GLORIOUS BETAN CAUSE!

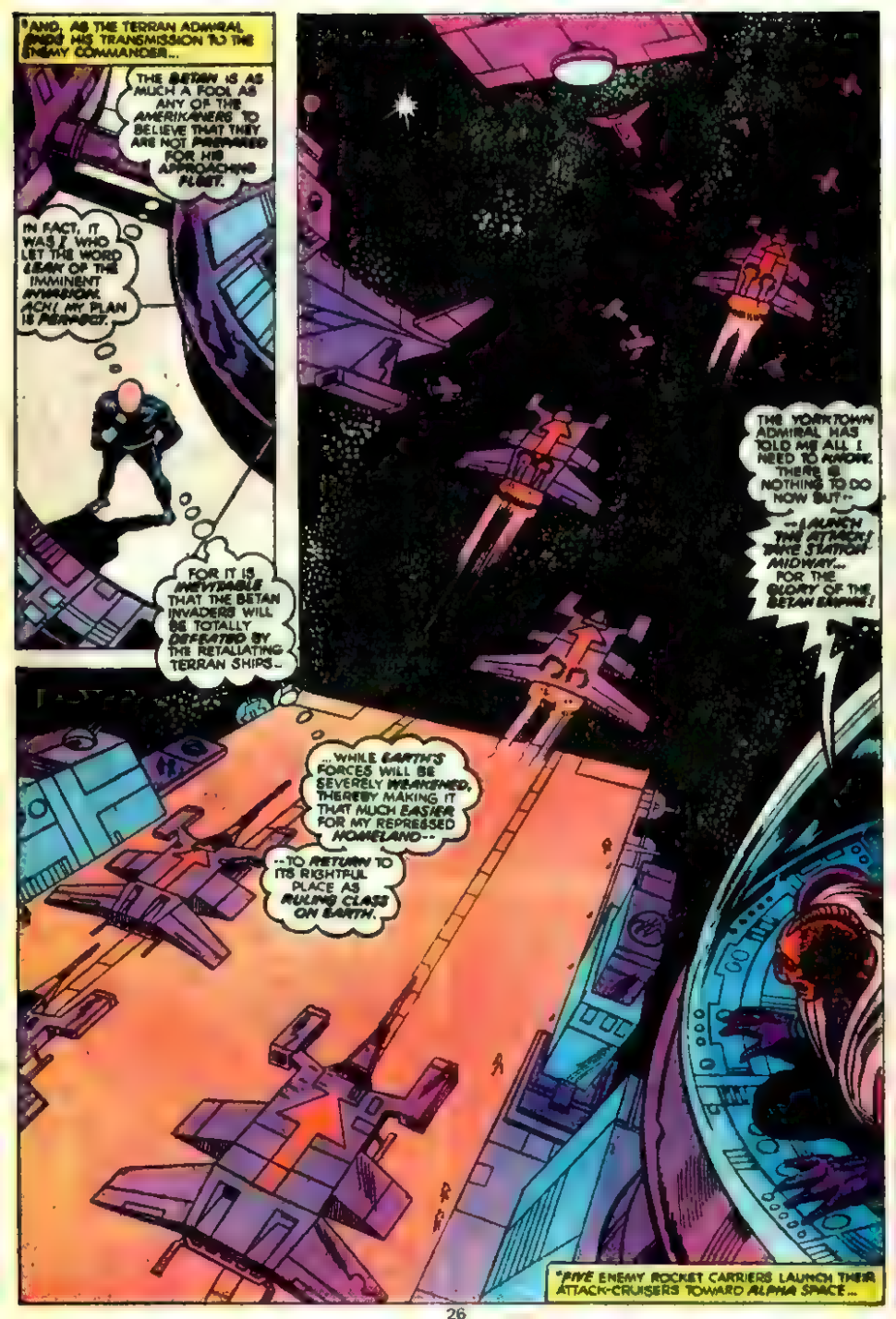
REMEMBER THE STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF THIS ATTACK! ONCE MIDWAY IS OURS, WE CAN LAUNCH OUR ATTACK ON THE EARTH--
--AND MAKE THAT WORLD YET ANOTHER SLAVE PLANET IN OUR SPREADING BETAN EMPIRE!
YOUR MISSION IS CLEAR! YOU MUST TAKE MIDWAY! IF NECESSARY, DESTROY THE CARRIER-SHIP YORKTOWN...

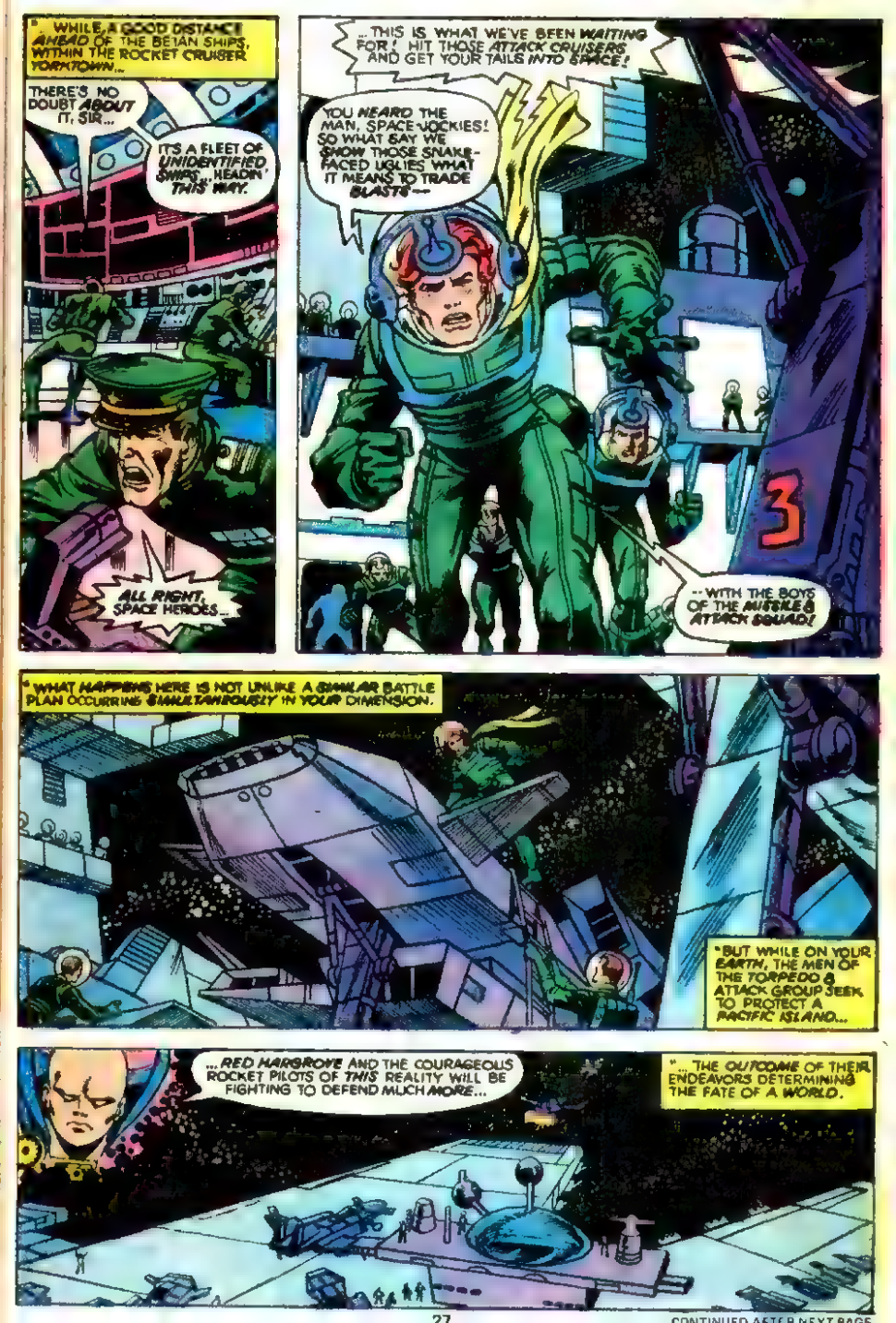
... EVEN IF IT MEANS THAT YOU MUST CRASH YOUR OWN FIGHTERS INTO ITS EXPANSIVE HULL TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS!
BUT PERHAPS THERE'LL BE NO NEED FOR ANY SUICIDE TACTICS...!


"EVEN AS HIS MEN PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR THE EXPECTED ONSLAUGHT, THE BETAN COMMANDER'S LIPS TWIST INTO A GROTESQUE SMILE.
"FOR, NONE SAVE ME KNOWS OF THE PRE-CAUTIONARY MEASURE HE HAS TAKEN TO ENSURE HIS ATTACK FLEET'S SUCCESS...

"... A MEASURE INVOLVING A TERRAN ADMIRAL OF QUESTIONABLE LOYALTY, WHO NOW SENDS A SURREPTITIOUS RADIO MESSAGE INTO BETA SPACE...
I MUST SPEAK QUICKLY, HERR COMMANDER...
... AND AT THE RISK OF BEING DIS-COVERED.
WHAT OF THE TIME FACTOR, ADMIRAL? IS IT OPPORTUNE FOR THE ATTACK?


INDEED IT IS, MEIN FREUND. FOR, THE AMERICAN FOOLS WHO MAN THE YORKTOWN...
-- DO NOT SUSPECT THE ON-SLAUGHT WHICH IS TO COME.
YOU'VE DONE YOUR TRAITOROUS WORK WELL, "HERR" ADMIRAL.


*AND, AS THE TERRAN ADMIRAL ENDS HIS TRANSMISSION TO THE ENEMY COMMANDER...
THE BETAN IS AS MUCH A FOOL AS ANY OF THE AMERIKANERS TO BELIEVE THAT THEY ARE NOT PREPARED FOR HIS APPROACHING FLEET.
IN FACT, IT WAS I WHO LET THE WORD LEAK OF THE IMMINENT INVASION. ACH! MY PLAN IS PERFECT!
FOR IT IS INEVITABLE THAT THE BETAN INVADERS WILL BE TOTALLY DEFEATED BY THE RETALIATING TERRAN SHIPS...
THE YORKTOWN ADMIRAL HAS TOLD ME ALL I NEED TO KNOW. THERE IS NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT--
--LAUNCH THE ATTACK! TAKE STATION MIDWAY... FOR THE GLORY OF THE BETAN EMPIRE!
...WHILE EARTH'S FORCES WILL BE SEVERELY WEAKENED, THEREBY MAKING IT THAT MUCH EASIER FOR MY REPRESSED HOMELAND--
--TO RETURN TO ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE AS RULING CLASS ON EARTH.
*FIVE ENEMY ROCKET CARRIERS LAUNCH THEIR ATTACK-CRUISERS TOWARD ALPHA SPACE...



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

"SHORTLY AFTER THE TAKE-OFF OF THE MISSILE Ω, WITHIN A BARRACKS OF SPACE STATION MIDWAY...
DON'T RUSH ME, DOLL, OKAY?
A JOE CAN'T JUST RUSH INTA SOMETHIN' BIG LIKE--

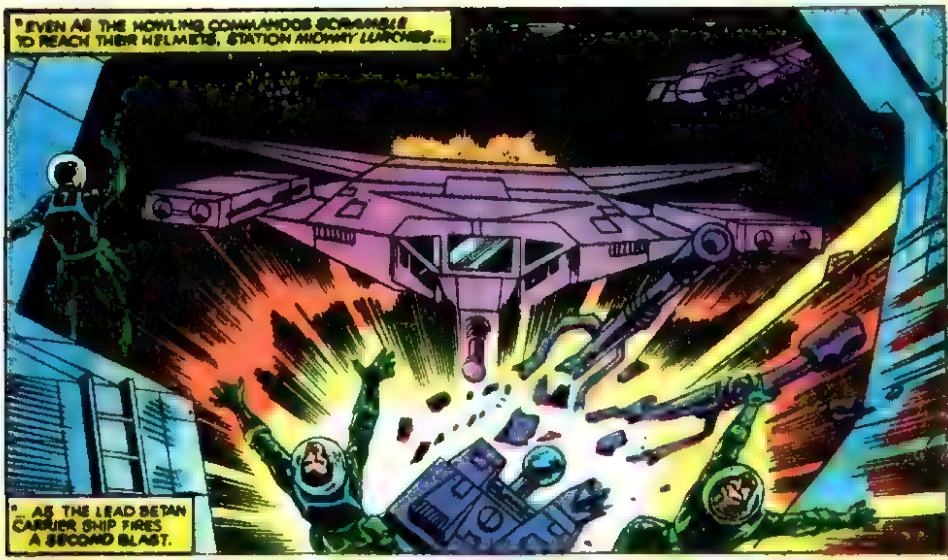
WHEEEEE
WREEEEE
SKEEEE

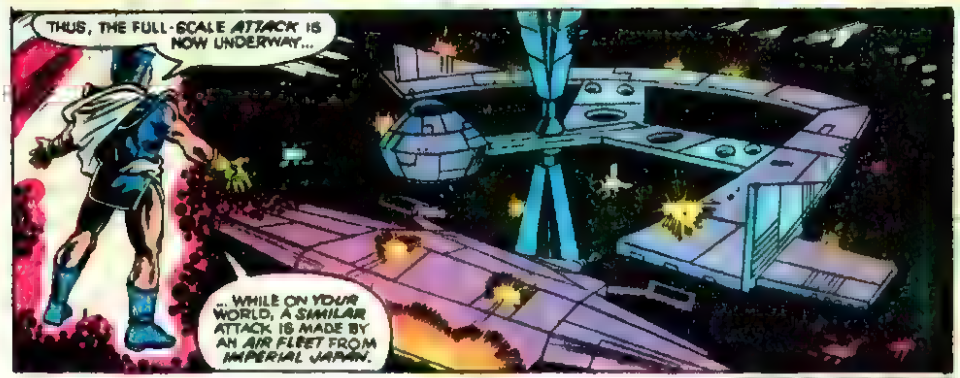
WHAT THE SAM HILL--?!

THE BLAMED ROBOT AGAIN-- AN' JUST WHEN BETTY GAMBLE WUZ POPPIN' ME THE QUESTION!
AWRIGHT, MACHINE -- THIS TIME I'M TAKIN' YOU APART-- SCREWDRIVER OR NO SCREWDRIVER!
CAN YA DO IT WITH A LITTLE LESS NOISE, SARGE? YOWL!

MISTER, YOU AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN' YET!
'CAUSE WHEN I START UN-BOLTIN' THIS GIZMO, IT'S GONNA--HUH?
ANOTHER BLOOMIN' MESSAGE?

LET'S SEE WHAT'S SO ALL-FIRED IMPORTANT-- HOLY HANNAH!
WILL YOU GET A LOAD OF THIS BIT 'A NEWS FROM SECURITY!
OUR ASSIGNMENT'S BEEN CHANGED! WE GOTTA GET OUR BUTTS DOWN TO THE SHUTTLE AREA--
--AN' GRAB US THE ADMIRAL OF THE YORKTOWN!

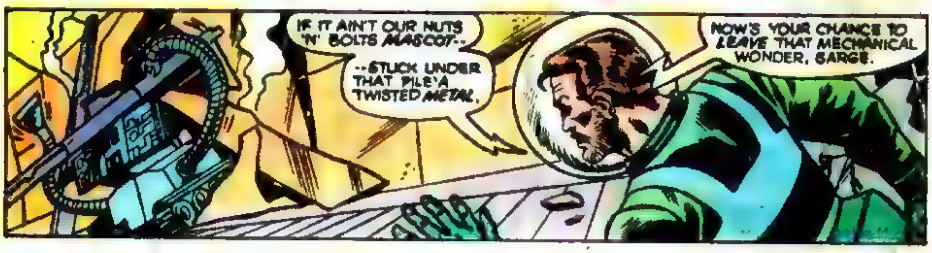




CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

AND, WHILE THE EARTH STATION REELS UNDER THE ENEMY'S FIRE POWER...
NOW GET THEM AIR GADGETS SWITCHED ON IN YER SUITS--
--BEFORE SOME BETAN ROUNA BLASTS A HOLE THROUGH THE GOLDARN HULL!

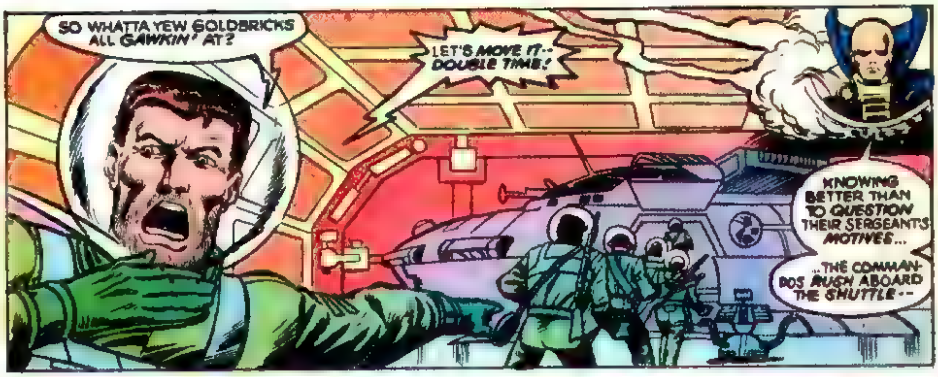
THEN, AS FURY LEADS HIS MEN THROUGH THE LABYRINTH OF TUNNELS THAT WILL BRING THEM TO THE SHUTTLE...
...ANOTHER BLAST RIPS THE MIDWAY.
WATCH THAT FALLIN' DEBRIS, HOWLERS!
WELL, IF THAT DON'T BEAT ALL!


IF IT AIN'T OUR NUTS 'N' BOLTS MASCOT--
--STUCK UNDER THAT PILE'A TWISTED METAL.
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO LEAVE THAT MECHANICAL WONDER, SARGE.

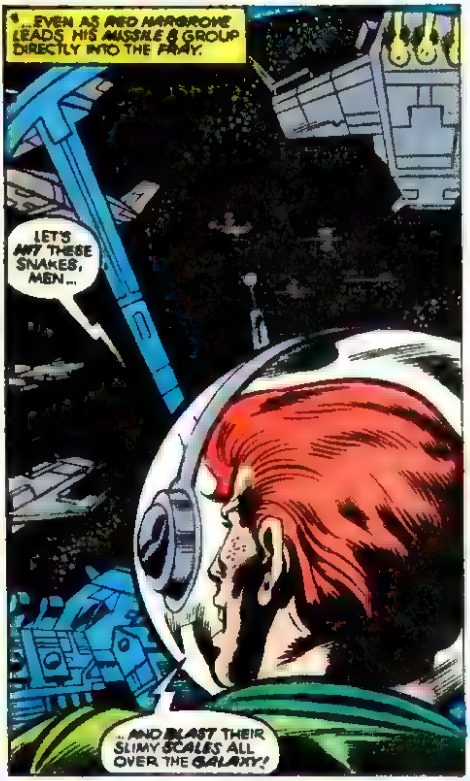
YEAH, AN' ONCE I HAD ME A CHANCE TA WIN THE KENTUCKY DERBY!
HEY, SARGE--WHERE YOU DRAGGIN' ME TO?
JUST TAKIN' A SHORT DETOUR, BUGLE-MAN--
--TA HELP OUT THAT COMPUTER'S ROBOT PAL.

EXERTING ALL THEIR COMBINED STRENGTH, FURY AND GABRIEL JONES SLOWLY PULL THE ROBOT FROM THE METAL DEBRIS---
WHAT'S WRONG, SARGE? YOU GOING SOFT OR SOMETHING?
MAYBE IN THE HEAD, SOLDIER.
HEY, WHAT'S THIS COMIN' OUT?

AREN'T YOU GOING TO TELL US WHAT IT SAYS, SARGE?
THANK YOU

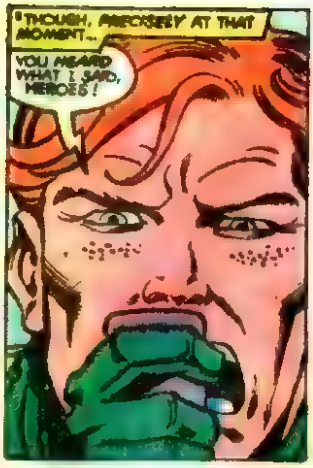

SO WHATTA YEW GOLDBRICKS ALL GAWKIN' AT?
LET'S MOVE IT-- DOUBLE TIME!
KNOWING BETTER THAN TO QUESTION THEIR SERGEANT'S MOTIVES...
...THE COMMANDOS RUSH ABOARD THE SHUTTLE--

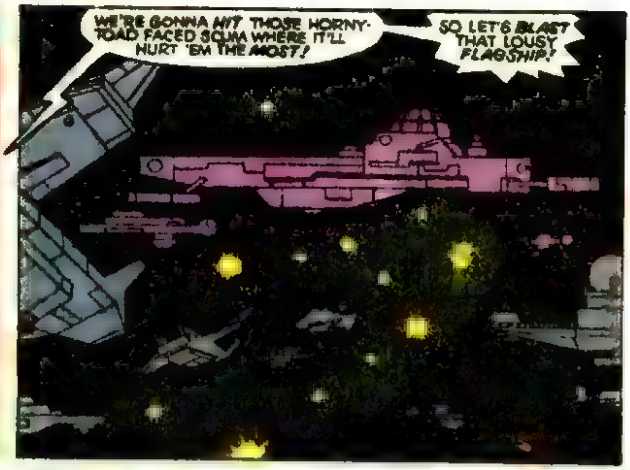
"...WHICH PRESENTLY STREAKS AWAY FROM SPACE STATION MIDWAY...
"--MIRACULOUSLY EVADING THE RELENTLESS BURSTS OF ENEMY FIRE...

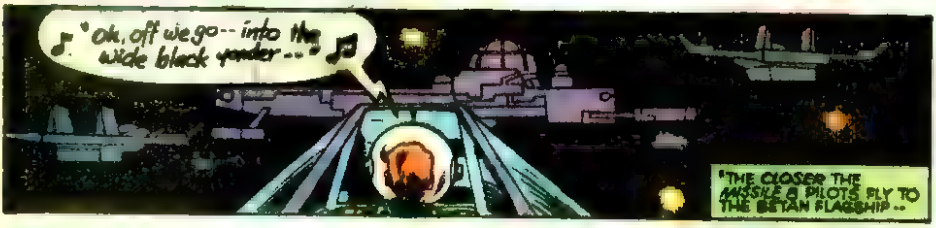

"...EVEN AS RED HARGROVE LEADS HIS MISSILE B GROUP DIRECTLY INTO THE FRAY.
LET'S WIPE THESE SNAKES, MEN...
...AND BLAST THEIR SLIMY SCALES ALL OVER THE GALAXY!

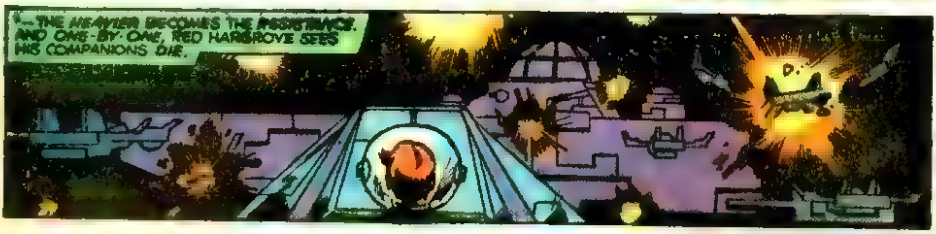
"THERE ARE SOME, HOWEVER, ABOARD THE BETAN FLAGSHIP, WHO DO NOT SHARE HARGROVE'S SENTIMENTS.
LOOK, COMMANDER! THE EARTHMEN RETALIATE!
YET, YOU ASSURED US THAT--

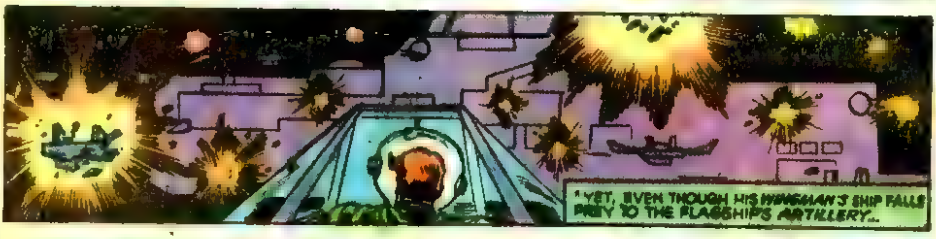
I KNOW WHAT I ASSURED YOU, DOLT! IT CAN ONLY MEAN THAT MY TERRAN SPY HAS BETRAYED ME!
THEN PERHAPS I SHOULD CHANGE MY TACTICS--SAVE STATION MIDWAY FOR LATER...
...AND ATTACK THE YORKTOWN NOW INSTEAD!

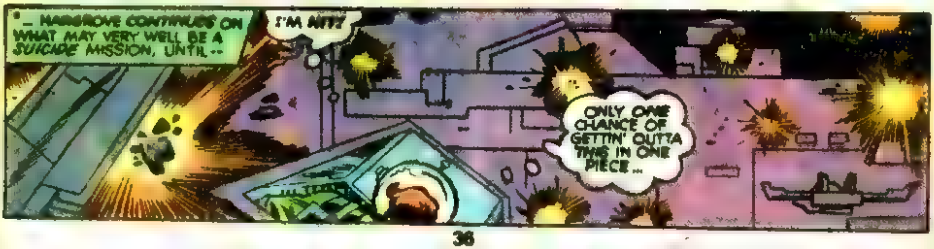

"THOUGH, PRECISELY AT THAT MOMENT...
YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID, HEROES!

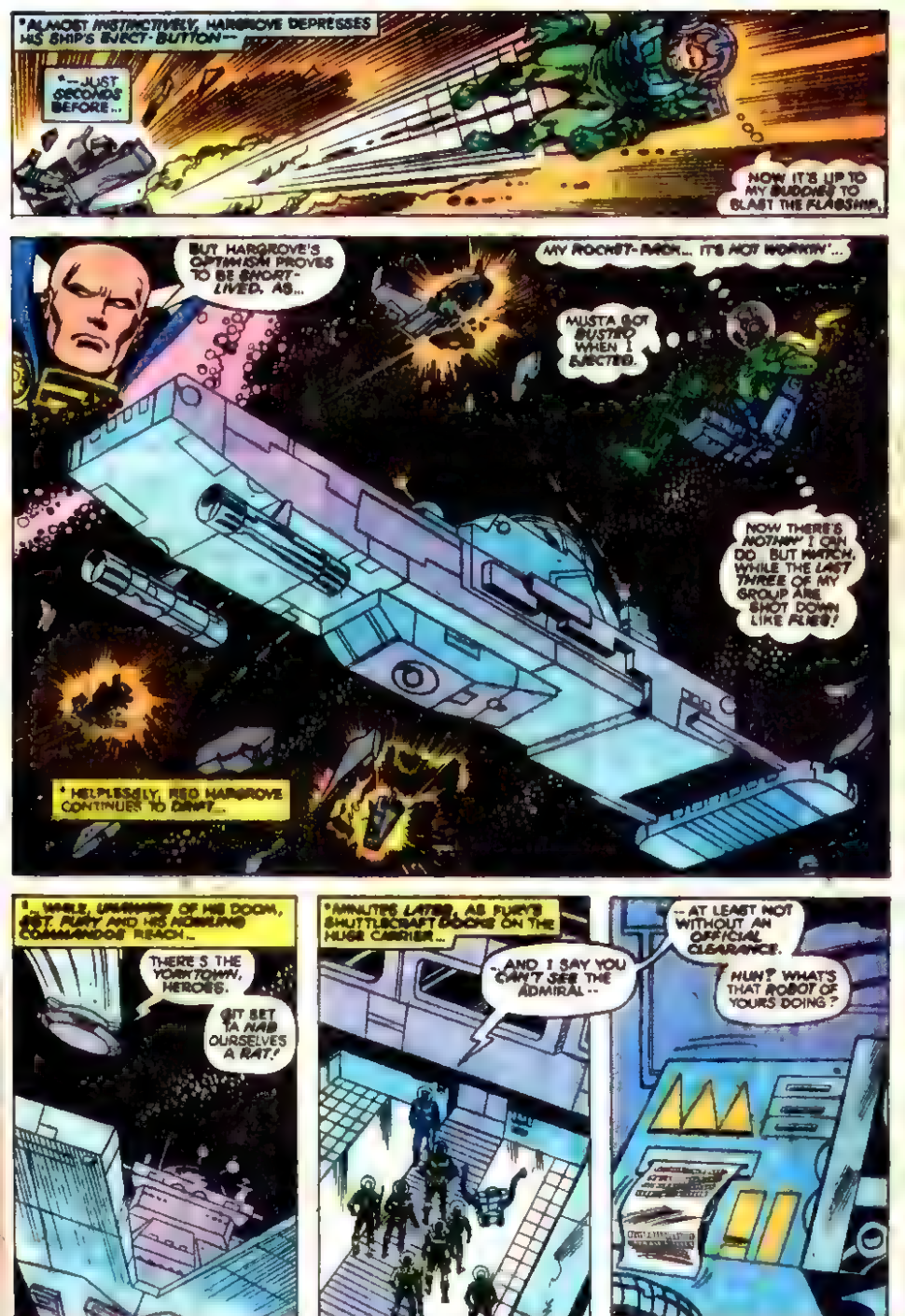

WE'RE GONNA HIT THOSE HORNY-TOAD FACED SCUM WHERE IT'LL HURT 'EM THE MOST!
SO LET'S BLAST THAT LOUSY FLAGSHIP!


♪ "Oh, off we go-- into the wide black yonder..." ♪
"THE CLOSER THE MISSILE & PILOTS FLY TO THE BETAN FLAGSHIP--


"--THE HEAVIER BECOMES THE RESISTANCE. AND ONE-BY-ONE, RED HARGROVE SEES HIS COMPANIONS DIE.

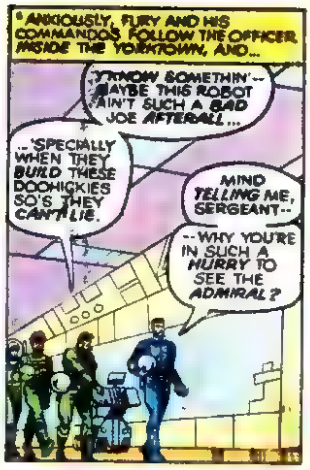

"YET, EVEN THOUGH HIS WINGMAN'S SHIP FALLS PREY TO THE FLAGSHIP'S ARTILLERY...


"-- HARGROVE CONTINUES ON WHAT MAY VERY WELL BE A SUICIDE MISSION, UNTIL--
I'M HIT!
ONLY ONE CHANCE OF GETTIN' OUTTA THIS IN ONE PIECE...

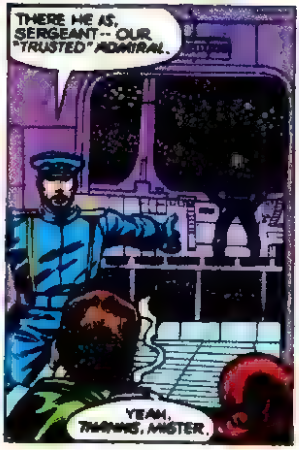

*ALMOST INSTINCTIVELY, HARGROVE DEPRESSES HIS SHIP'S EJECT-BUTTON--
*--JUST SECONDS BEFORE...
NOW IT'S UP TO MY BUDDIES TO BLAST THE FLAGSHIP.
BUT HARGROVE'S OPTIMISM PROVES TO BE SHORT-LIVED. AS...
MY ROCKET-PACK... IT'S NOT WORKIN'...
MUSTA GOT BUSTED WHEN I EJECTED.
NOW THERE'S NOTHIN' I CAN DO BUT WATCH, WHILE THE LAST THREE OF MY GROUP ARE SHOT DOWN LIKE FLIES!
*HELPLESSLY, RED HARGROVE CONTINUES TO DRIFT...
*...WHILE, UNAWARE OF HIS DOOM, SGT. FURY AND HIS HOWLING COMMANDOS REACH...
THERE'S THE YORKTOWN, HEROES.
GET SET TA NAB OURSELVES A RAT!
*MINUTES LATER, AS FURY'S SHUTTLECRAFT DOCKS ON THE HUGE CARRIER...
-AND I SAY YOU CAN'T SEE THE ADMIRAL--
--AT LEAST NOT WITHOUT AN OFFICIAL CLEARANCE.
HUH? WHAT'S THAT ROBOT OF YOURS DOING?

JUST PRINTIN' UP A LITTLE LOVE-NOTE ON THAT BUILT-IN TYPEWRITER HE'S GOT INSIDE.
WELL, OFFICER? OFFICIAL ENUFF?

IT'S FROM A COMMAND COMPUTER. ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT...
...FOLLOW ME.

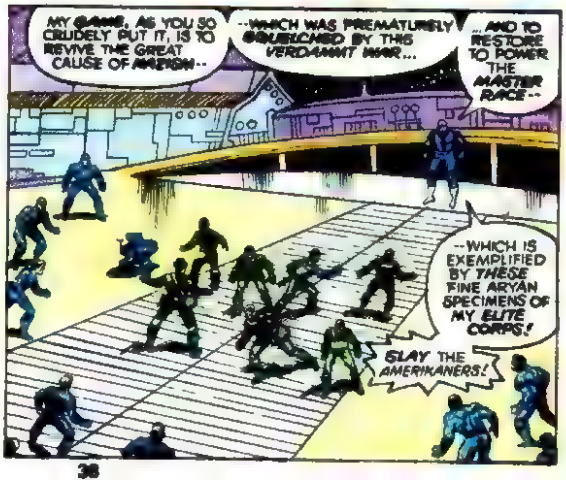

ANXIOUSLY, FURY AND HIS COMMANDOS FOLLOW THE OFFICER INSIDE THE YORKTOWN, AND...
I KNOW SOMETHIN'-- MAYBE THIS ROBOT AIN'T SUCH A BAD JOE AFTERALL...
...'SPECIALLY WHEN THEY BUILD THESE DOOHICKIES SO'S THEY CAN'T LIE.
MIND TELLING ME, SERGEANT--
--WHY YOU'RE IN SUCH A HURRY TO SEE THE ADMIRAL?

INSTANTANEOUSLY, THE ROBOT RESPONDS TO THE OFFICER'S QUESTION.
GOOD LORD! THEN--THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE!
ADMIRAL IS TRAITOR
THE ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS ARE JUST DOWN THIS CORRIDOR.


THERE HE AS, SERGEANT-- OUR "TRUSTED" ADMIRAL.
YEAH. THANKS, MISTER.

GREETINGS, SERGEANT FURY. AND FROM NOW ON YOU MAY ADDRESS ME BY MY REAL NAME
...BARON STRUCKER!
IF YOU HAVE COME TO PROTECT ME FROM THE BETAN ATTACK--

--DO NOT BOTHER. FOR THAT IS THE TASK OF MY PERSONAL ELITE CORPS--
--AND THE SPECIAL ESCAPE CAPSULE WHICH I HAVE HIDDEN ABOARD THIS SHIP.
WHAT'S YER GAME, STRUCKER? WHY SELL OUT YER HOME PLANET?

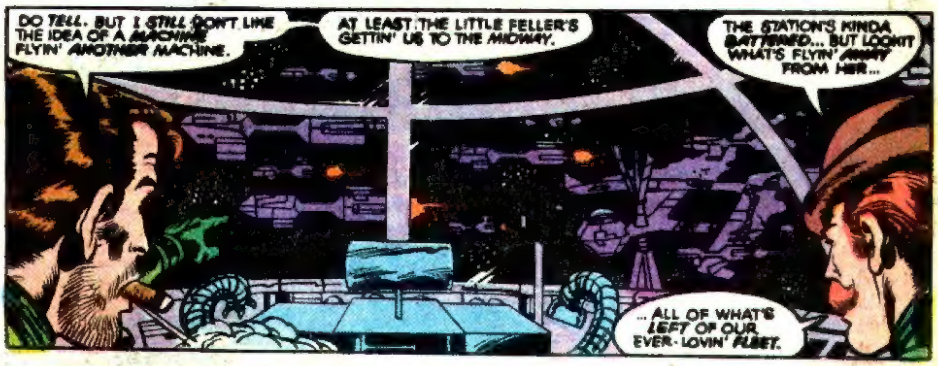

MY GAME, AS YOU SO CRUDELY PUT IT, IS TO REVIVE THE GREAT CAUSE OF NAZISM--
--WHICH WAS PREMATURELY SQUELCHED BY THIS VERDAMMT WAR...
...AND TO RESTORE TO POWER THE MASTER RACE--
--WHICH IS EXEMPLIFIED BY THESE FINE ARYAN SPECIMENS OF MY ELITE CORPS!
SLAY THE AMERIKANERS!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

NOW WHAT'S SO CONSARNED IMPOR--?
STRUCKER'S ESCAPIN'?
WHERE?
"BRIEF SECONDS LATER...
THIS CARRIER CRAFT WILL SOON BE DESTROYED UNDER THE BETAN ON-SLAUGHT.
BUT I SHALL SOON ESCAPE...
IF I CAN BUT GET THROUGH THIS AIR LOCK--
--WHERE MY ESCAPE CAPSULE IS HIDDEN.
"QUICKLY, BARON STRUCKER SLIPS INTO THE AIR LOCK CHAMBER. BUT AS THE DOOR BEGINS TO SLIDE SHUT BEHIND HIM--
DON'T FERGET ME, KRAUT!
PURRY! I HOPED NOT TO SOIL MY HANDS ON YOUR KIND!
BAF!
BUT THOUGH YOU ARE NEITHER ARISTOCRAT NOR OFFICER, I SHALL-- UGH!
YOU'LL WHAT, KRAUT?
POW!
N-NEIN! YOU HAVE KNOCKED ME AGAINST THE--
DANGER! DECOMP
SNAP
--ESCAPE HATCH RELEASE...
STRUCKER!
AMP'S ESCAPIN' FAST. GOTTA HOLD MY BREATH--
--'LEAST 'TIL I CAN GET 'A HELMET OVER MY KISSER. THEN I'LL WORRY ABOUT BARON--
--STRUCKER?
GUESS THERE'S NOTHIN' TO DO NOW BUT SHUT THIS HERE HATCH...
...THEN SEE HOW THEM KIDDIES A MINE--
--MADE OUT WITH THE MASTER RACE.

WITHIN MINUTES...
EVERYTHIN' A-OKAY IN HERE, DUM-DUM?
'CEPT FER GETTIN' SOME SAUERKRAUT STUCK IN M' WHISKERS, NO REAL HARM DONE.
'COURSE THIS WHOLE BLAMED CARRIER'S COMIN' APART AT THE SEAMS.
THEN HERD THEM ARYAN SOOPERMEN INTA THAT BOMBER AN' LET'S MOVE OUT...
...PERVIDIN' ONE'A YA KNOWS HOW TA FLY THE DANGED HEAP.
UH, DON'T LOOKIT ME, SARGE.

NEVERTHELESS, A BOMBER CRAFT DOES ESCAPE THE CRACKING AND DYING YORKTOWN.
WAH-HOOO! WE MADE IT!


DO TELL. BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF A MACHINE FLYIN' ANOTHER MACHINE.
AT LEAST THE LITTLE FELLER'S GETTIN' US TO THE MIDWAY.
THE STATION'S KINDA BATTERED... BUT LOOKIT WHAT'S FLYIN' AWAY FROM HER...
...ALL OF WHAT'S LEFT OF OUR EVER-LOVIN' FLEET.

AS TO WHERE THE TERRAN FLEET IS HEADED...
COMMANDER, THE ROCKET CARRIER YORK-TOWN HAS BEEN WRECKED.
BUT WE ARE BEING APPROACHED.
WHAT?!
BY THE ENTIRE TERRAN FLEET, SIR.

A FEW OF THOSE TERRAN CRUISERS COULD ONLY SLIGHTLY DAMAGE THIS CRAFT. BUT AN ENTIRE FLEET--
AND A BOMBER SEEMS TO HAVE JOINED THEM, SIR.
NO!!

THUS BEGINS THE FINAL ATTACK UPON THE BETAN FLAGSHIP...
...THE ENEMY CRUISERS STREAMING TO HER DEFENSE.

"BUT, THOUGH THE DAMAGE IS SEVERE FOR BOTH SIDES, A BOMBER-CRAFT SUDDENLY APPEARS IN THE MIDST OF THE CONFLICT...

KEEP MANEUVERING LIKE THAT, TIN-MAN. YER DOIN' FINE...

...WHILE WE KEEP BLASTIN' AT THAT LOUSY FLAGSHIP WITH EVERY GUN WE GOT!

"AT LAST, THE RELENTLESS BOMBARDMENT ON THE BETAN FLAGSHIP TAKES ITS TOLL...

"...AND A DYING COMMANDER COMES TO REALIZE THAT THE BATTLE IS ALREADY LOST.

WELL, THAT TAKES CARE'A-- DUM DUM! ON THE BETAN ROCKET CARRIER-- IT'S RED!

WE GOTTA LAND THIS CRATE!

SORRY, NICK, BUT OUR MECHANICAL PILOT SAYS ITS AGAINST ORDERS.

NOW AIN'T THAT TOO BAD!

NOW LISSEN, ROBOT! EITHER YA PICK UP MY BUDDY DOWN THERE--

--OR I OPEN YA UP LIKE A BLASTED CAN'A RHUBARB!

"AND...

LOOKS LIKE HE HURT HIS LEG. SWING 'ER ON DOWN, ROBOT.

THE RATS ARE GONNA STRAFE ME!

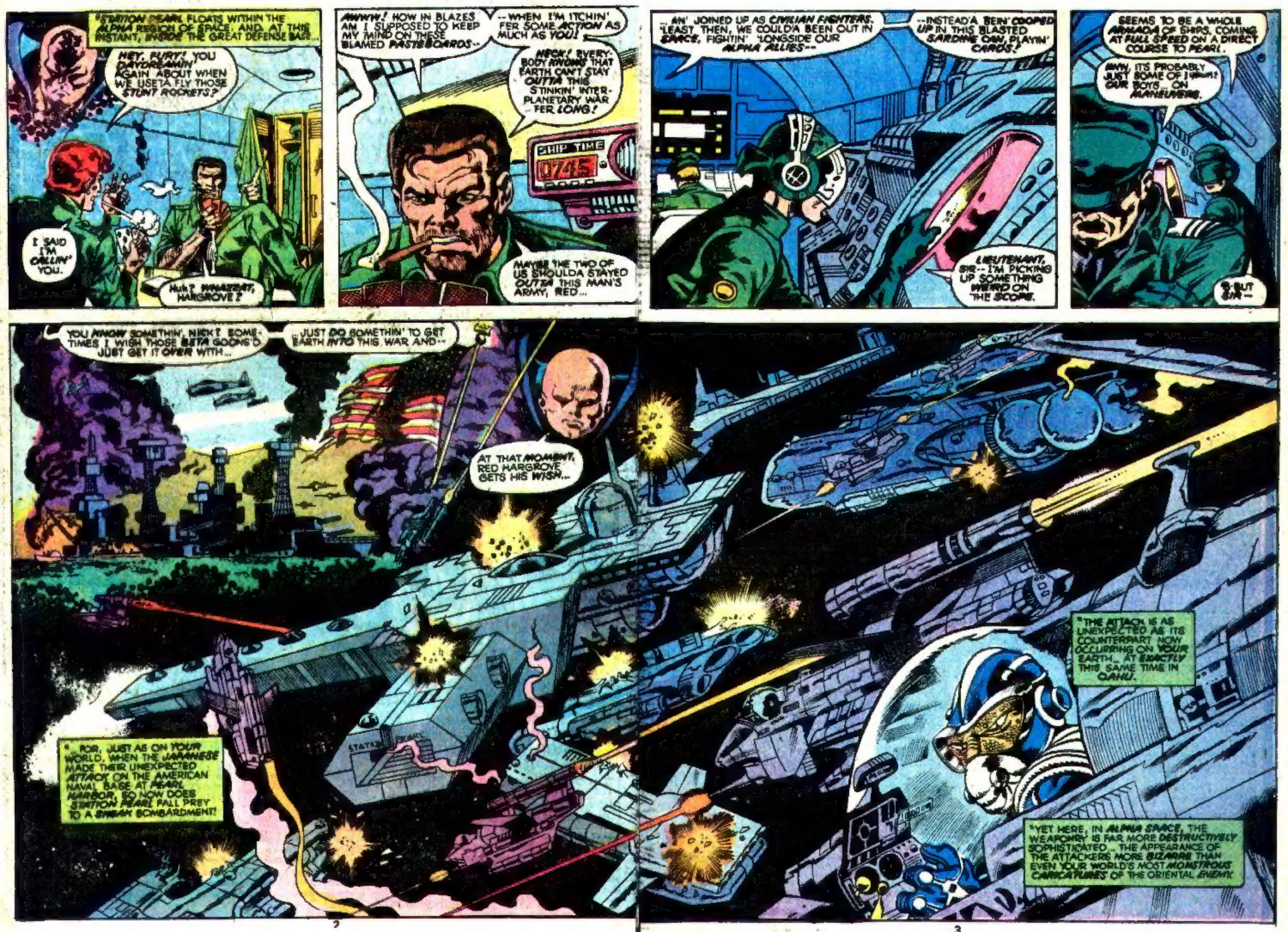
NO! THAT'S ONE'A OUR BABIES!

NICK: I GUESS I SPRAINED MY ANKLE WHEN I BANGED AGAINST THE CARRIER.

SO TELL ME ABOUT IT LATER, OKAY? WE GOTTA HUSTLE OUR BUSTLES ABOARD THAT BOMBER!

SEE WHAT YA MEAN, FURY. LOOKS LIKE THE BATTLE AIN'T OVER YET!

NEXT: WHAT IF FOUR DIFFERENT PEOPLE BECAME NOVA?


"STATION PEARL FLOATS WITHIN THE ALPHA REGION OF SPACE, AND, AT THIS INSTANT, INSIDE THE GREAT DEFENSE BASE...
HEY, FURY! YOU DAYDREAMIN' AGAIN ABOUT WHEN WE USETA FLY THOSE STUNT ROCKETS?
I SAID I'M CALLIN' YOU.
Huh? WHAZZAT, HARGROVE?
AWWW! HOW IN BLAZES AM I SUPPOSED TO KEEP MY MIND ON THESE BLAMED PASTEBOARDS...
--WHEN I'M ITCHIN' FER SOME ACTION AS MUCH AS YOU!
NEOW! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT EARTH CAN'T STAY OUTTA THIS STINKIN' INTERPLANETARY WAR FER LONG!
SHIP TIME
0745
MAYBE THE TWO OF US SHOULDA STAYED OUTTA THIS MAN'S ARMY, RED...
...AN' JOINED UP AS CIVILIAN FIGHTERS. 'LEAST THEN, WE COULD'A BEEN OUT IN SPACE, FIGHTIN' 'LONGSIDE OUR ALPHA ALLIES--
--INSTEAD'A BEIN' CROPED UP IN THIS BLASTED SARDINE CAN, PLAYIN' CARDS!
LIEUTENANT, SIR--I'M PICKING UP SOMETHING WEIRD ON THE SCOPE.
SEEMS TO BE A WHOLE ARMADA OF SHIPS, COMING AT FULL SPEED ON A DIRECT COURSE TO PEARL.
AWW, IT'S PROBABLY JUST SOME OF I-MAN'S OUR BOYS... ON MANEUVERS.
BUT SIR--
YOU KNOW SOMETHIN', NICK? SOMETIMES I WISH THOSE BETA GOONS'D JUST GET IT OVER WITH...
...JUST DO SOMETHIN' TO GET EARTH INTO THIS WAR AND--
AT THAT MOMENT, RED HARGROVE GETS HIS WISH...
"...FOR, JUST AS ON YOUR WORLD, WHEN THE JAPANESE MADE THEIR UNEXPECTED ATTACK ON THE AMERICAN NAVAL BASE AT PEARL HARBOR, SO NOW DOES STATION PEARL FALL PREY TO A SNEAK BOMBARDMENT!
"THE ATTACK IS AS UNEXPECTED AS ITS COUNTERPART NOW OCCURRING ON YOUR EARTH... AT EXACTLY THIS SAME TIME IN OAHU.
"YET HERE, IN ALPHA SPACE, THE WEAPONRY IS FAR MORE DESTRUCTIVELY SOPHISTICATED... THE APPEARANCE OF THE ATTACKERS MORE BIZARRE THAN EVEN YOUR WORLD'S MOST MONSTROUS CARICATURES OF THE ORIENTAL ENEMY.